

Call Campaign
Fiends,
Battle Waging."

No. 42

Sion Songs

Follow Thee of life the
Giver."

am, a cleansing Fountain,
can wash all guilt away;
the sins rise as a mountain;
I stand there? Oh, tell me pray,
not, resolved, and struggled,
till I sink each day.

re is a Cleansing River,
taint it can deliver,
as fresh as ever,
and wash thy sins away.

Christ for thee were opened
ng on the cruel tree;
may now be cancelled,
here was made for thee;
in another moment,
ay Lord and be made free.

ream by faith I'm coming,
flow shall o'er me roll;
failures I am bringing,
dear Lord, my soul;
g, no merit pleading,
y Blood to make me whole.
—Brigadier Drabble

me along to Beulah."
I so true and precious,
dear to me;
o kind and tender,
so full and free,
not live without Him,
to feel Him nigh—
well together,
and I.

walking on together
mon sweet,
ving talk with me
moments quickly flee,
joy complete.
walking on together
ays go by,
monent can never,
ends for ever—
and I.

nes faint and weary—
nows that I am weak;
me lean upon Him,
p I gladly seek.
of light He leads me
eadress, sunny sky—
walk together,
and I.

s how I am longing
is from sin to win
me go and say it—
ng word for Him,
me tell the story
ime for us to die,
work together,
and I. —"J."

for the feast is spread"
"Robin Adair"
ny burdens bring,
them for me;
Love descend,
shadows flee;
brings its tears,
its gulf of years,
o' the mist of fears,
e me to Thee.

er my soul each day,
re a new;
to toil, to wait
service true;
purge and purify,
and fortify,
and sanctify,
will to do.

cries out to be
at. Thy feet;
until I know
union sweet;
rd, I yield to Thee;
hat all may see
ly Thee in me,
e complete.
—B. Whittingham

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder



BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

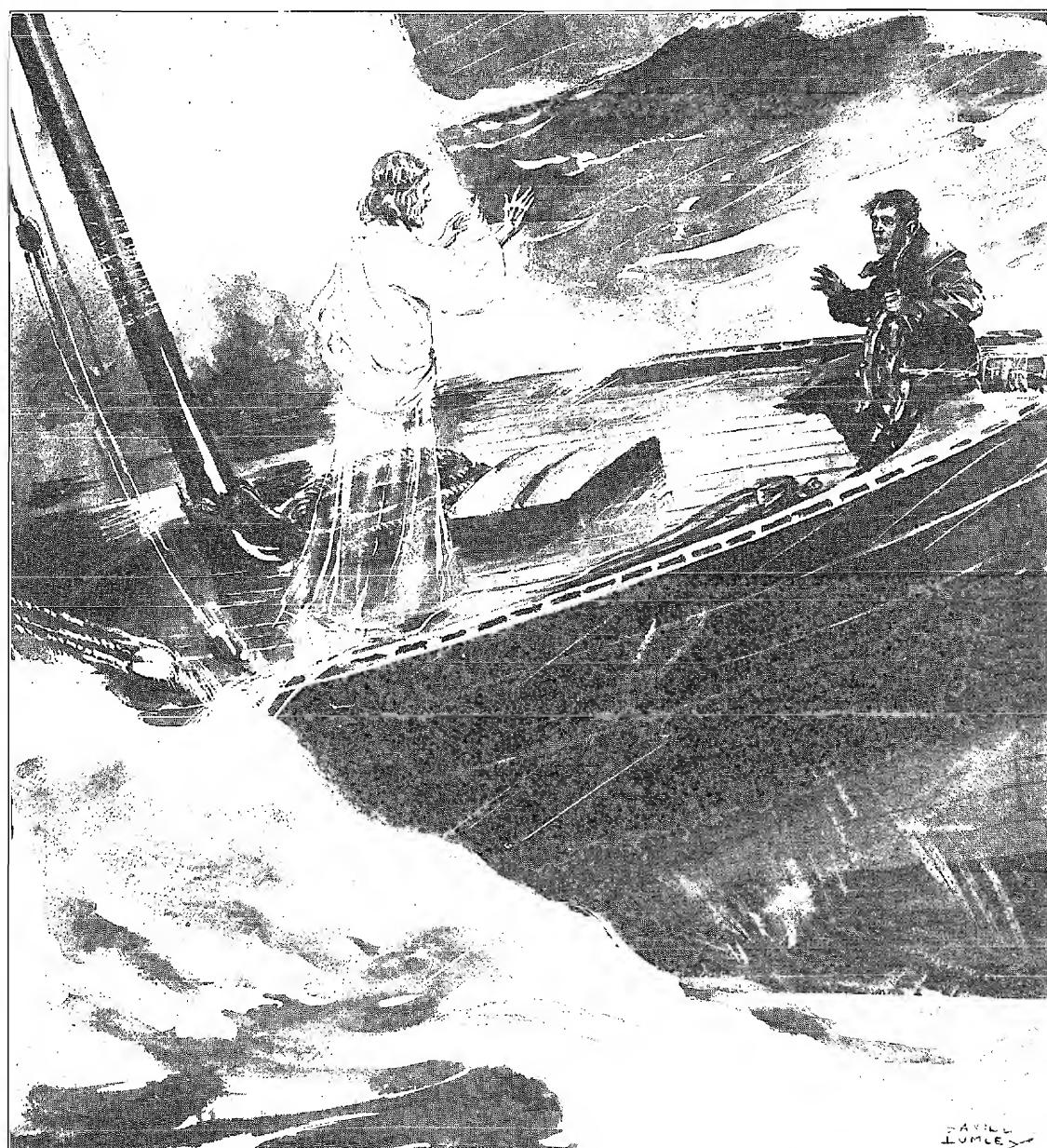
IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
217-219 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IX, No. 43. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, October 27, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



PARKER LUMLEY

THE VOICE IN THE STORM

(See story on
page 3)

Prayer

any soul today,
foot to go astray,
own willful way,

words or vain,
made from want or
suffer thus.

else or hand, or

better in Thy fold,
then me some fort

ave confessed to
ns I do not see;
, and my keeper

ized

and Premier Baldwin their experi-
ence. Ont. The little
it is said, expected

distinguished guests in
age were flying a
erated at the station,
2-minute stop, and
and a smiling
on the platform
with several people.
ittle puzzled. The
all dressed for the
and appeared to
ngers were. They
flannel suits, just

taking the visitors,
e sensed what had
ce and the Prime
the master, and the
band assembled
had never made a
the returned home,
it was over!

In spite of his waywardness he was a
1. 26.

nings begin small.
at rashes along at
began its motion
of Canada was
high.

at its source is
allow a child to
but a handful of

ot so much. Was
as is the growth
ring?

ency

to tell this story with
basis; it is worth
in London, who was
solicitor in Great
on advice by our
onal Headquarters.
was very important,
believe he has since
a baronet—was
some points in the
every turn.

Headquarters, who
views, ventured to
or the blasphemous

ing to do. Lawyers
ark correction or re-
turning upon the
use, and telling him
business," the lawyer
d yet respect. "Sir,
who ever dared to
I believe there is
ghting for in your

o more than unkind
duce kind actions,
of those to whom
out on the part of
are employed; and
only, but habitually,
pic of association.

IT was a weary lad that paced the streets of the great English seaport one evening nearly fifty years ago. The night was damp and murky, the streets were a sea of mud, and the few lights that shone from the store windows did but emphasize the mistiness of the evening, making the streets even more dark and dismal than usual.

He had been glad to get away from his vessel and the coarseness of his companions for an hour or two, but now that he was ashore he almost wished he was back with them again. There was such a lot that was strange and repulsive to him; there were such vile-looking pups along the dock side streets; harpies whose invitations were a mystery to him. What a place it was.

It was not the first time during recent days he had longed for his native Scotch village from which he had been in such a hurry to get away but a few months since. It was often damp and foggy there; often the thick clouds rolled up from the sea covering everything as with a thick pall; the winds would howl around his father's house, and seem to threaten it with destruction; but it was home, Hull, with all its wonders, could never be home to this desolate, homesick, fisher lad.

Mighty Outburst of Song

Suddenly, as he trudged along one of the wider thoroughfares, he heard the sound of boisterous singing, and as the doors of a great hall swung aside for a few moments, he caught a glimpse of a crowd, and listened to the mighty outburst of song. With a curiosity that overcame his innate shyness, he ventured to enter the building, and to his intense surprise found himself in a Salvation Army Meeting.

Nobody stayed his entering, and so he sat down at the back, among a crowd of men and lads much like himself, and wondered at the scene. He had heard of the Army, and had been told some vulgar and lewd tales about them, but this procedure now being enacted before his eyes gave no hint of the truth of such tales.

In spite of his waywardness he was a

The Voice in the Storm

(See Frontispiece)

truly religious lad; that is, religious in his instincts, if not in his habits. So he knew he was in a Meeting that was intended to be religious, even if much of it was at variance with his ideas of

Captain had stirred his heart, and gradually he was coming to understand that he was a sinner. The burden was on him for many days and nights.

"Him that Cometh
Unto Me,
I Will in No Wise
Cast Out."

* * *

and he said, "Lord Jesus, I come." Wonder of wonders, his burden fell from his shoulders, and he straightened his manly young form, and knew he was a free man in Christ Jesus. The echo of the invitation had scarcely died away, but a sinner had returned to God.

In after years he became Commissioner William Eadie, and told this story—better, far better, that we have set it down here—to thousands of people, but because there are others who have not yet come to God we put it here as a Memorial to the lad of the story, and to the Lord Who brought him to Himself.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Reader, will you not come?

THE SHABBY HALL

THREE had special Prayer Meetings in the different places of worship in the town, including The Army Hall, a poor, shabby little place. Some days after the Captain met a gentleman who attended the services mentioned, and remarked on our poor Meeting-place in contrast to the churches and chapels in the district.

Looking kindly at her, he said, "But Captain, it was in your Hall I got my heart warmed." The dear Officer was cheered by the fact that if her building was faulty, her few Soldiers, by prayer and faith, pulled down blessing on those who gathered there. Every Corps, thank God, may be a spiritual power-house—the building ever so poor.

Lieut.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor Funeral Scenes in Toronto

(Special to the Canada West "War Cry")

and Mrs. Maxwell. It was with deep emotion and fervent faith that the reverent assembly, which filled the Temple to more than capacity, sang the refrain:

"Then I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, 'Saved by Grace!'"

Lt.-Commissioner Rich, the Territorial Commander of Canada West, who we were glad to see and hear, even though he came on so sad an errand, spoke next, and in some eloquent passages likened the Colonel to "A tree planted in the Garden of God."

He then told a pathetic incident. Little Wilfred, the late Colonel's son, came into the Commissioner's home, after hearing of his father's death and queried Mrs. Rich thus, "The doctors did all they could for Daddy, didn't they?" He was answered in the affirmative, and then, with that simplicity and child-like faith which many older folk would envy, he exclaimed, "Then it must be God's will!"

A few words, pregnant with emotion, were spoken by Mr. W. Taylor, brother of the deceased, and Mr. E. Higgins, brother of Mrs. Taylor. The latter read a deeply sympathetic message from the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins and another from the late Colonel's father, Major J. Taylor, a retired veteran Officer of The Army.

The brief statement of Mrs. Colonel Taylor, touching in its simplicity, was deeply expressive of the true bond of comradeship which existed between

An Appreciation By Staff-Captain Henry Otway

FOR twenty-three years I have been honored and blessed by the close friendship of Lieut.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor, and his untimely death is an unspeakable grief to me. To know him as I knew him was to love him.

He had, during the course of his life, developed a wonderful mentality. To have intimate converse with him was like walking these walks abroad, and one is despondent at the thought that never again on earth will such a privilege be found.

A MESSAGE TO THE UNSAVED

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A number of messages of condolence were read by Colonel Henry, Mrs. General Booth, Commander Eva Booth, Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp, Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan, Commissioner Gifford, and Colonel Mary Booth were among those who expressed their sympathy in this way.

A duet, "Some day the silver chord will break," was sung by Lt.-Commissioner

I never worked under his directi
Our association was simply the bosom
friendship of two lads who grew up to
gether, and whose hearts and spirits cleaved the one to the other. I never hope to meet a finer character than Bram
well Taylor. Not in all my long and intimate association with him did I catch a
jarring note in the harmony of his life. He was a tower of strength to me in an inexplicable way that depended not on much counsel, advice, or encouragement by word of mouth, but on the influence of his sterling character, and his natural greatness. When my father passed away, in his editorial tribute he referred to him as one of God's Greatmen. That same term would apply to Bramwell Taylor himself. He was a Greatheart, one of God's noblemen. He had both in his personal character and in his philosophy of life, the root of the matter in him, and his great kindness of heart was to me the soft that seemed to envelop you without your being aware of it.

I remember well the Sunday night in the fall of 1907 when, as we lay in our bunks in the dormitory of the Clapton Training College, he in the upper berth and I in the lower, after one of those wonderful Young People's Councils with the present General, he told me he had decided to give his life to God and give up everything to that end. He then tried to help me to a decision and besought me to surrender as he had done. From that Sunday night in October 1907 when God called him and he answered, "Here am I," to that Saturday morning in October 1928 when God called him again, he never faltered in his loyalty to God, the Army and his own ideals.

He is the first to go of a group of L.I.Q. boys who were at Queen Victoria Street from 1902 to 1918. That group is scattered all round the world, most of us still in Army service. Bramwell Taylor was one of the brightest stars of our firmament, destined from the first for high honors and a brilliant career. We cannot believe he has gone. But, so it is, and as we stand in spirit at his graveside we must take the message of his life and death to our hearts and give ourselves the more earnestly to the task of living.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Brumwell Booth
International Headquarters London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt. Colonel J. G. Cunningham, Secretary, The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas Issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months to the sum of \$1.00 pre-paid. Address: The War Cry, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

GENERAL ORDER

Corps Cadet Day will be observed throughout the Territory on Sunday, Nov. 18th. Corps Officers will please arrange accordingly. Divisional Commanders are responsible for issuing necessary instructions and suggestions to Officers under their direction.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Territorial Commander.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS:
Captain James Neill, to the Saskatoon Men's Social Department.
Lieutenant Frank Bosh, from Shaunavon to the Port Arthur Men's Social Department.

THE GENERAL

We are sorry to have to report that latest news concerning the General is that recently he has not been as well as it had been hoped that he would be from the previous improvement which had taken place in his condition, and which we last reported.

There is good reason for believing however, that this is but a temporary set back, as the last few days have witnessed a decided regaining of lost ground.

Salvationists everywhere will continue to pray for our Leader's complete restoration to his wanted health, as well as for Mrs. Booth and the members of the General's family in the very anxious time through which they are passing.

We will also include in our prayers our other International Leaders upon whom the General's sickness places heavy responsibility.

The Founder and Germany

Memorial Tablet in Barmen Hall
IN pre-war days The Army in Germany was not well provided with Halls. There were no buildings suitable for special Meetings, and as a consequence the Founder's Campings were nearly all held in Town Halls or Theatres.

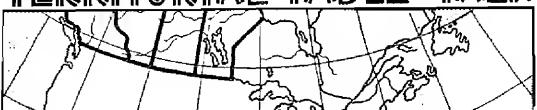
The Founder, however, did conduct Meetings in The Army Hall at Barmer, and a plaque recording this distinction was last week unveiled in the building.

Pastor Kraft and Dr. Bremin re-presented the city of Barmer, and Colonel Mary Booth, the Territorial Commander, gave some tender reminiscences of the Founder, which were greatly appreciated, before unveiling the tablet.

Brigadier Steimker, who occasionally translated for the Founder, and Mrs. Brigadier Heine, who sang frequently in the Founder's Meetings in Germany, took part in the crowded night Meeting, when Colonel Mary Booth led. Eleven seekers knelt at the Penitent-Form.

If our beloved Master "ever liveth to make intercession for us," surely our loved ones in the home beyond pray for us too! What a link there is between us. I think it will be a revolution when we get to heaven to find out how much we owe to other people's prayers.

TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK



Winnipeg, October 17th

We hear that Colonel Knott is under farewell orders from his position as Chief Secretary in New Zealand, and is likely to be passing through Canada during the early days of November en route to International Headquarters. We shall be delighted to see him again, and hope he will find time to give us a Meeting here and there—with Mrs. Knott, of course—and that whatever is in the future for him he may continue in the assurance of the Divine Blessing upon him and his.

We were sorry that the Chief Secretary, acting under medical orders, was prevented from appearing at the public Meetings of the Congress, but he certainly did receive an affectionate ovation in the Officers' Councils. The Colonels need have no two questions about the high esteem in which he is held by all ranks throughout the Territory, and this expression we also include dear Mrs. Miller.

During recent days Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Joy has had news of the promotion to glory of a well-beloved sister; an invalid for many years, her passing was not unexpected, but we feel that our description of the event is correct—promoted to glory.

It has been a matter of regret for some of us that Brigadier Buhler was unable to accompany Colonel Booth. The Brigadier is the Women's Social Secretary in Germany, and is a very active member of the Territorial Staff. A stroke and somewhat serious illness prevented her being with her Territorial Commander at our Congress Meetings. We trust that later news is good news. Here is a Salvation greeting to her.

Brigadier John Merritt has been filling in the Field Department during the last few days; it was planned that he should act as locum tenens for Lt.-Col. Taylor, now he is holding on pending the coming of Lt.-Colonel Peacock.

The Congress Choir, that most excellent singing combination, is not to be allowed to evaporate very easily. A Festival of Music and Song, under the leadership of Lt. Percy Merritt, is announced for November 5th, significant date in the Winnipeg Citadel.

It was ever so fitting that we should have Envoy and Mrs. McGill with the Congress Gatherings in Winnipeg. Mrs. McGill was one of the West pioneer Officers, and is still remembered with much affection as Captain Aikenhead. A salute for the Veterans!

It would have been a funny Congress if we had not had Envoy Smith of Regina with us. He is as bale and Feisty as ever, and his "Ballehurts" ring out just at the right moment. We were also glad to see Sergeant-Major Bourquin, of Estevan Corps.

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WINNIPEG GRACE HOSPITAL

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES

of the 1928 Graduating Class at

YOUNG CHURCH.....FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th at 8 p.m.

COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

will be present and

COLONEL MARY BOOTH

will speak

Hungary's Third Congress

Commissioner Cunningham
Conducts Annual Meeting
in Budapest

THE third Annual Congress in Hungary began, after preparations, with a Meeting of Recruits and Converts. Commissioner Cunningham, the Congress, accompanied by Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Friedrich, received a warm welcome and a ringing of the nearness of God were features of the meetings.

The last gathering of the season was the richest in blessing and enthusiasm. The Songster Brigade, and the band, both only recently formed, rendered splendid service. Touching Penitent-Form scenes were witnessed at the close of the meeting, men and women surrounding the altar until eighty-eight seekers had registered for the Congress.—G. Bohm, Staff-Captain.

Colonel John Roberts

THE BRITISH "CRY" announces the continued serious illness of Colonel John Roberts, one of the few remaining Christian Mission Officers. The Colonel is known mostly in Canada for his "Morning Thoughts," a devotional work to which he devoted many years, and which has become a daily inspiration to many amongst us.

Australian Veteran Promoted

THE ARMY has sustained a loss in the passing of Colonel Joseph Birchshaw. He entered the Work from Sheffield, I., and has still many relatives there in active service. Transferred in the first days of his officehip to Australia he served for the rest of his career in that country, and is well known there as a valiant fighter for God. There are comrades in this country who also cherish his memory.

Mrs. Lt.-Col. Bramhall Promoted to Glory

The very many comrades and acquaintances of Lt.-Colonel Bramhall throughout Canada will regret to hear of the loss he has sustained in the passing of his wife. The British "Cry" adds that Mrs. Bramhall has been in poor health for some time, but although he had had to spend long periods away from home in the course of his night duties, the Colonel was with Mrs. Bramhall when she passed away. Our true sympathy is with our dear comrade and his family at the time.

Lt.-Colonel McLean Campaigns at Fargo

Our esteemed Comrade Lt.-Colonel McLean, as we have already indicated in the "Cry," has been carrying some stirring campaigns "to the South of us." The following wire from Fargo indicates that the Colonel has been having a good time with our American friends.

"Sunday night was a glorious time to Lt.-Colonel McLean's 100th campaign in Fargo, with fifty-two thousand people of the Cross seeking salvation and Holiness of heart."

"One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the manner in which the work attended by hundreds of people annually make their way to the Cross west for the harvest service. Last night the seekers were seven thousand prodigals whose mothers and fathers had never been answered for their sins, but for the Colonel's particular direction.

It is not too late to remember the Salvationists of the eventful week—the Grace Hospital, the Young Church, the 100th campaign. There will be other interesting meetings, and we welcome speakers and participants—there is only one Colonel McLean, and she will be there. The Young Church, Friday, Oct. 26th at 8 o'clock.

Our sympathies are with the excellent comrades, Y.P.S.M. and Mrs. Langdale, of Vancouver. The shock they recently suffered at the sudden death of their son, a well-known to Vancouver, young friend was killed in a motor accident under more than usually distressing circumstances.

October 27, 1928

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The Forty-Sixth Annual Congress

THE WELCOME GATHERING

THE Forty-Sixth Annual Congress in Winnipeg, opened on Friday evening with a spectacular presentation of The Army's Social operations in Canada West, under the arresting title of "A Pageant of Merciful Adventure."

Grace Church, the spacious edifice in which the gathering was held, and notwithstanding an unfamiliar spot in old Congress annals, was filled with a capacity crowd; but we could not but help wishing that a larger auditorium had been available for the demonstration. As it was however, the event went over in excellent style and was unanimously voted by the enthusiastic audience as a vivid presentation of present-day Army activities.

The fact that our International Visitor, Colonel Mary Booth, was to make her initial public appearance in the Canadian West Territory, lent more than additional interest to the occasion and the appearance on the platform of the distinguished visitor in company with our Territorial Leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, was at once the signal for an enthusiastic outburst on the part of the audience. A thunderous volley of "Amen"s from the comrades present made the welcome complete.

Right heartily then did the great audience sing the soul-stirring Army war song, "Hark, hark my soul," causing the stately church building to vibrate again and again with its magnificent strains. The music of Massed Bands under the leadership of Bandmaster H. Merritt, made a fitting accompaniment to the singing.

Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Men's Social Secretary, led the gathering in prayer and gave thanks to God for the sunshine that had constantly dispersed the dark shadows through The Army's endeavour during the past forty-six years. Our comrade's petition that God would mightily bless the Congress and guide our Leaders also evoked from us a hearty response.

After calling upon the members of the "Victors" Session of Training present, singing their fitting, "Make way" chorus, the Commissioner in a brief and happily worded speech extended a hearty welcome to the Congress Delegates and the introduced Colonel Mary Booth to the audience.

Colonel Booth Introduced

"My very pleasurable duty tonight to present to you Colonel Mary Booth," he said. "It was our International Leader's intention to have come himself, if his health had not overtaken him, but if he has not been able to come himself he has sent a part of himself in his daughter. The Colonel comes to us not only as the daughter of an honored father, but also in her own right. Most heartily do we welcome her to Canada West."

The applause which followed gave no doubt as to the warmth of welcome intended for the visitor and it was a few moments before she could respond. Then with a smile illuminating her face and accompanying her clearly enunciated words with graceful gestures she said:

"For many, many years I have longed for this privilege, and although once I came as far as Canada East it has not been my privilege to visit the West, but now the joy and desire of my heart is accomplished, and I stand here in your midst. I have heard of your loyalty to the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and of your devotion to those principles which have moved The Salvation Army forces around the world; those qualities have been seen at their best when flame and tempest have raged around you, when darkness suddenly came upon you, and thank God, in spite of it all the Flag here, our beloved Flag, is flying higher than ever."

"It was kind of Commissioner Rich to invite me. At first I struggled, and said I could not come, but when a man keeps on asking it is difficult to say no. I am glad the Commissioner did invite me, for if he had not done so I should not have been here tonight. It will be a great joy to see and hear him again."

I had some very good advice given me as to what I should say and do. Some

Hungary's Third Congress Commissioner Cunningham Conducts Annual Meetings in Budapest

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It is not too late to remind Salvationists of the event of next week—the Grace Hospital Homecoming. There will be other interesting welcome speakers and participants—there is only one Colonel McLean, and she will be there. Do not miss the Young Church, Friday, October 26th, 8 o'clock.

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The Forty-Sixth Territorial Congress The Celebrations in Winnipeg

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"My very pleasant duty tonight is to present to you Colonel Mary Booth," he said. "It was our International Leader's intention to have come himself, but if ill-health had not overtaken him, but if he has not been able to come himself he has sent a part of himself in his daughter. The Colonel comes to us not only as the daughter of an honored father, but also in her own right. Most heartily do we welcome her to Canada West."

The applause which followed gave us no doubt as to the warmth of welcome intended for the visitor and it was a few moments before she could respond. Then with a smile illuminating her face and accompanying her clearly enunciated words with graceful gestures she said:

"For many, many years I have longed for this privilege, and when I came as far as Canada East it has not yet been my privilege. I long to return home and when I have paid Canada West, but now the joy and desire of my heart is accomplished, and I stand here in your midst. I have heard of your loyalty to the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and of your devotion to those principles which have moved The Salvation Army forces around the world; those qualities have been seen at their best when flame and tempest have raged around you, when darkness has suddenly come upon you, and thank God, in spite of all the Flag here, our beloved Flag, is flying higher than ever.

It was kind of Commissioner Rich to invite me. At first I struggled, and said I could not come, but when a man keeps on asking it is difficult to say no. I am glad the Commissioner did invite me, for if he had not done so I should not have been here tonight. It will be a great joy to see and hear him again.

I had some very good advice given me as to what I should say and do. Some



In the absence of our Territorial Leader, Mrs. Commissioner Rich and Mrs. Colonel Miller welcomed Colonel Mary Booth and Brigadier Eva Smith at the C.P.R. Station.

one said, whatever happened I must not say anything about Germany. But you could think it strange, I am sure if I did not say that after working in Germany three years I love those people. God has wonderfully helped us and prospered us and blessed us and led us forward from victory to victory.

The spirit is the same as everywhere else in The Army. One of my Officers recently farewelled for another continental country, and on fearing was presented with a bouquet of flowers. When she arrived a little girl was among those who met her, and looking at the flowers exclaimed, "Are the flowers that grow in Germany the same that grow here?"

The flowers that grow in Germany are as beautiful as the flowers that grow elsewhere—the flowers of devotion and love and sacrifice. There is the same spirit because we are fighting under the same Flag, singing the same songs, breaching the same wonderful message of salvation for all, with the same results that souls are kneeling at the Mercy-Seat. My last weekend in Germany before I left to come to you I had the joy of seeing 130 kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

I love The Army. I take second place to none in this Hall here tonight in love for The Army and zeal for its cause. I am a Salvationist through and through, I wore a Hallelujah bonnet when I was five years old, I love The Army. Perhaps some may say that because I have been born in The Army I have got used to its methods and it ceases to attract me in some ways.

A little company marching with the Flag still thrills my heart. There is nothing like The Army. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, and go forward and greater victories shall be ours than we could dream of. God bless you every one!

At the conclusion of the Colonel's speech, heard clearly in all parts of the large building, the audience gave vent to loud and long-sustained applause which indicated that Winnipeg Salvationists and friends had taken Colonel Mary to their hearts.

It was a fitting suggestion which now came from the Commissioner for all to rise and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" as an expression of our thanks toward God for the mercies of the year. This was followed by "O Canada", the singing of which made the "raffers" ring again with melody.

Quite apart from the splendid congregational singing the musical items of the evening were of a high order. The St. James Band, under the baton of Captain

Watt, provided some choice selections and the Citadel combination contributed brilliantly-executed numbers also. The new feature of the evening, however, was the Congress Choir of selected mixed voices which, under the baton of Songster-Leader Percy Merritt, acceptably rendered the selection "O Canaan", with Band accompaniment.

The spectacular treat of the evening occupied the latter half of the programme and covered The Army's many operations in the Territory in a manner both pleasing to the eye and stimulating to the mind. All of the activities thus pictured in tableau and pageantry were epitomized in the opening paragraph of the Prologue read by our Leader as "being all bound up in the noble phrase given by The Army Founder, 'Go for souls and go for the worst'."

Delightful Series of Tableaux

It is impossible, in the short space at our disposal, to give in anything like detail, the delightful series of tableaux, humorous and pathetic which followed, but a rapid review may give the reader some idea of the "true to life" picture-portraits ingeniously displayed by means of a dual stage arrangement.

Guided by the excellently woven thread of narrative read at intervals by the Commissioner, we started off by visiting a dark prison cell and rejoiced that light came through The Army's Prison Meetings. A romance of the Inquiry Department was next depicted in several stages, showing how a wayward son was brought back to his sorrowing parents via The Army—and a copy of the "War Cry".

The snow-flurry which made Winnipeg shiver earlier in the day was not inappropriate to the next scene when we beheld the Christmas Relief appeal represented by the familiar "kettle", and the pleasing sight of a needy family receiving a hamper.

Evening Home scenes, an Army Open-Air Meeting and Home League activities were portrayed in truly life-like manner, and the Rescue Work embracing a spotless hospital ward and ministering nurses called attention to this splendid branch. The childrens' tableau and the Life-Savers' Camp-fire were real charmers.

We only wish we could have captured permanently some of these pictures for the "War Cry"; they would have made first-rate frontispieces! But even then the sweet singing of the "hidden choir" which added much to the effectiveness of the tableaux could not be reproduced, at least, in this connection.

The Missionary operations of The Army were by no means overlooked and

the portraits of our Canada West "flesh and blood" offerings to heathen lands were warmly applauded as were also scenes of the Native Indian Work in Alaska and Northern B.C.

Came then the grand finale of the evening—the "best wine last," as our Leader put it—when representatives from all branches of the service marched on the platform in picturesque array; Miss Canada (Ensign M. Houghton) predominating. Thus did we finish up—and by unfeigned singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name."

The large crowd rapidly dispersed after our Territorial Leader had pronounced the Benediction but we think that the kaleidoscopic events of the evening will remain long in the memories of all concerned.

The success of the evening laid largely to the credit of Staff-Captain Steele, who has for several days toiled early and late, in plan and preparation, so that nothing should be missing for the success of the evening. The colorful settings will be long in our memory. Major Oake was another collaborator in our enjoyment, and so were a host of other, including the comrade—wherever he may be—who supplied "The Book of the Pageant," so excellently read by our esteemed Commissioner.

SATURDAY EVENING THE CONGRESS PARADE

IT WAS a real Salvation Army procession; no, not a "procession", that's a hateful term, savouring too much of a show and display—it was a regular old-time Army March. There were no frills, no trimmings, just the usual, everyday Saturday-night sort of thing; the only exception being that the Scouts and Guards were with us—and well, the Scouts knew it, for the wind was not at all kindly to them in their summer "shirts". A March of six hundred Salvationists, and the majority of them citizens of Winnipeg, was a stirring sight, and made a colorful showing and martial array down the length of Portage Avenue and Main Street.

We had veterans of a thousand marches with us; one could tell them by the steady tread of their feet, and the unconscious poise of their bodies. We had young recruits also; they occasionally had some difficulty in finding the "right step", and it wasn't altogether their fault.

As we say, taking up a gaudy length of Portage Avenue, down the well lighted thoroughfare, with its invitations to this and that play—"Ranona" the new, over which thousands have gone crazy; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which stirred a nation into freedom. Old and new tales and tunes they are, but nothing as to the old, old story and tune that our bands played. We really rollicked along at some periods, so much so that the man with the "Union Jack" in front had to check his footsteps. "If you bring the next to you," was the tune at one period; then we heard, "Jerusalem", stately and thrilling; chiming into that was "Canada" by the Citadel Band; and to give it the necessary anti-climax without which no Army affair ever proceeds, the Cadets were shouting themselves hoarse in the endeavour to make known, "Here we are". The man who wrote that chorus already wishes —.

A Great Moment

But it was a great March, and a great moment when the martial array passed the saluting base at the City Hall—with its illuminating sign—and gave their loyal greeting to our Congress Leader and Territorial Commander. It was not only Colonel Mary who stood there, but her father—our dearly beloved General; we seemed to salute him too, and thought of him with affection and prayerful faith.

Swinging back on to Main Street, and up Portage once more, with the flags fluttering in the biting north wind, and with the Scouts and Guards keeping good step and formation (that is a kindly hint for some of their elders) we came at last to the place of the Soldiers' Meeting, already filling up with a thoroughly Army crowd.

And as we write this little report, one cannot help saying that the Congress March was just like the rest of the Congress—no frills, but every bit Army.

CONGRESS SUNDAY—A DAY OF CONSECRATION, INSPIRATION

MORNING—CONSECRATION

"From my soul break every fetter,
We seem to be getting quite at home in the Capitol Theatre; there is almost an Army air about it, and certainly a readiness to serve on the part of the officials which is thoroughly good natured. The Congress Sunday morning feeling was in our souls, and the right note was struck when the Commissioner outlined:

*"For Thee, dear Lord, my spirit longs,
With earnest, strong desire,"*

and its swinging chorus, "I am clinging to the Cross" rose and fell on the morning as a true call to worship.

The simple and earnest petitions of Brigadier Park and Lt.-Colonel Joy, with their cry that "we might be blessed, and also the hundreds who could only be with us in spirit to-day" were most surely answered.

A chorus to shake us into place, so to speak, but which only had the effect of spurring us on, and then the Congress Songsters, answering finely to the baton of Percy Merritt, filled the house with song. We confess to hearing the tune for the first time, but the words seem ages old, though ever new, and the audience took to them with a friendly readiness, and a spirit of receptivity which made them the keynote of the Meeting:

"Love Divine, from Jesus flowing;

Living waters, rich and free;"

As is good and splendidly enthusiastic at our Congress times it nearly always happens that we have a splash of color on the platform, and this was supplied for us this year by Adjutant and Mrs. McTavish of India; they are Canadian Officers on a well-earned furlough, and revelling in the blessings of our Congress Days.

Their testimonies were touching in the extreme, and one could well imagine the feelings that possessed them at speaking to such a crowd; there was, however, in Mrs. McTavish's simplicity, a message for all, "I have not much to give Thee, Lord, but all I have is Thine," and we prayed that we might all be likeminded.

The Commissioner called on the Saint James Band to further our thoughts, and to while away the Offering Interval, and the Love Stream, of which the Songsters had been singing, ran in our feet. What blessings are missed by those folks who cannot "word" our music. The Band played ever so sweetly,

"Like a River ever flowing,

Grace of God,

So rich and free."

We wish it were possible to set down all that Colonel Mary Booth said to us, after she had been presented in affectionately Army terms by Commissioner Rieh, a presentation which was itself a gem of an appeal to our faith.

The text and passage of Scripture from which she spoke to us were surely God-chosen; they could not have been more apt because of the fact that we were all missing a well-loved comrade, who has been so suddenly removed from us, and who would have so rejoiced to have been with us—the Field Secretary. Maybe, because of the sense of our loss, Colonel Booth's words found a ready resting-place.

We saw the Lord of all Comfort pacing the roads of the olden times, and we felt Him also coming into our hearts, and then, step by step, we were led through the phrases of one of the Love Chapters of the Bible, and made to feel a tugging at our heart-strings, and a moving to the Stream of which the Band had played and Sonsters sang.

We saw the women of old, with their sorrow-crushed lives, and we

heard the tender words of the Master, and knew that the ages had not checked the force or sweetness of His sayings, but that they were for us of these days.

There were others who were with us, and they too heard the same sweet call, and, as Colonel Booth said, "they were beginning to yearn for the resulting glory of doing the will of God." They realised something of the treasures they had lost, and in their hearts there were deep longings that He would restore those to them, and He Who answers our prayers was answering the unspoken thoughts of all who thus yearned.

Somewhere about twelve o'clock, for much had been done and said during the hour and quarter that elapsed since our first song, Commissioner Rieh was on his feet, and with that gentle persuasion which is his gift from the Lord, he was urging us to a fuller consecration, and to a return to the Master Who is so gracious to all.

Soon a row of seekers were at the Altar, and the Capitol Theatre had received its Congress Consecration as the House of Mercy. It was a time of much faith, and of much rejoicing, and when we closed with eleven or twelve victors in our midst, we knew that the seal of God had been placed on our Day. It was a holy beginning to a "Blood and Fire" Day, and of the flowing of the Stream of His grace.

AFTERNOON—INSPIRATION

"Jesus shall reign from shore to shore."

A large and representative crowd of citizens met in the Theatre for the afternoon gathering. Half an hour

before the start, the people thronged the aisles of the spacious building, and when Commissioner and Mrs. Rich led Colonel Mary Booth and a distinguished company of Winnipeg citizens on to the well-appointed stage, there must have been at least 2,000 persons present.

The entrance of the party was the signal for the great audience to stand on its feet and a moment later the stirring strains of the National Anthem rang through the auditorium.

Our Territorial Leader then stepped forward and led the gathering in the singing of the grandly-inspiring song "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun" after which the Rev. G. A. Woodside, D.D., was called upon to offer prayer. The petitioner, in an earnest and simple manner invoked the blessing of God upon the assembly and gave thanks for the benevolent ministry exercised by The Army throughout the entire world.

The Scripture portion, a choice selected one for the occasion from I Corinthians 13, was read by Dr. Robert Fletcher. The reader paused to stress the last word of this glorious chapter and we felt within ourselves that it was well that he did so for in that one word "Love" lay one of the great secrets of The Army's success in the blessing of mankind.

The Commissioner in introducing

the chairman for the afternoon, voiced a general regret that His honour, T. A. Burrows, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, had been unavoidably detained, but this disappointment was nullified largely by the presence of a splendid deputy in the person of Hon. R. W. Craig, K.C., the former Attorney General, an old and former friend of The Organization. Our Leader also took the opportunity of extend-

ing a hearty welcome to the Hon. John Brakken, Premier of Manitoba, another warm Army friend, and also the other prominent citizens present.

Mr. Craig is ever at home on an Army platform and his racy speech was much enjoyed. In introducing the principal speaker of the afternoon, he paid a warm tribute to The Army's Work. "In or out of office," he said, "my admiration of the splendid work

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Colonel Mary Booth Reives Ovation Welcoming



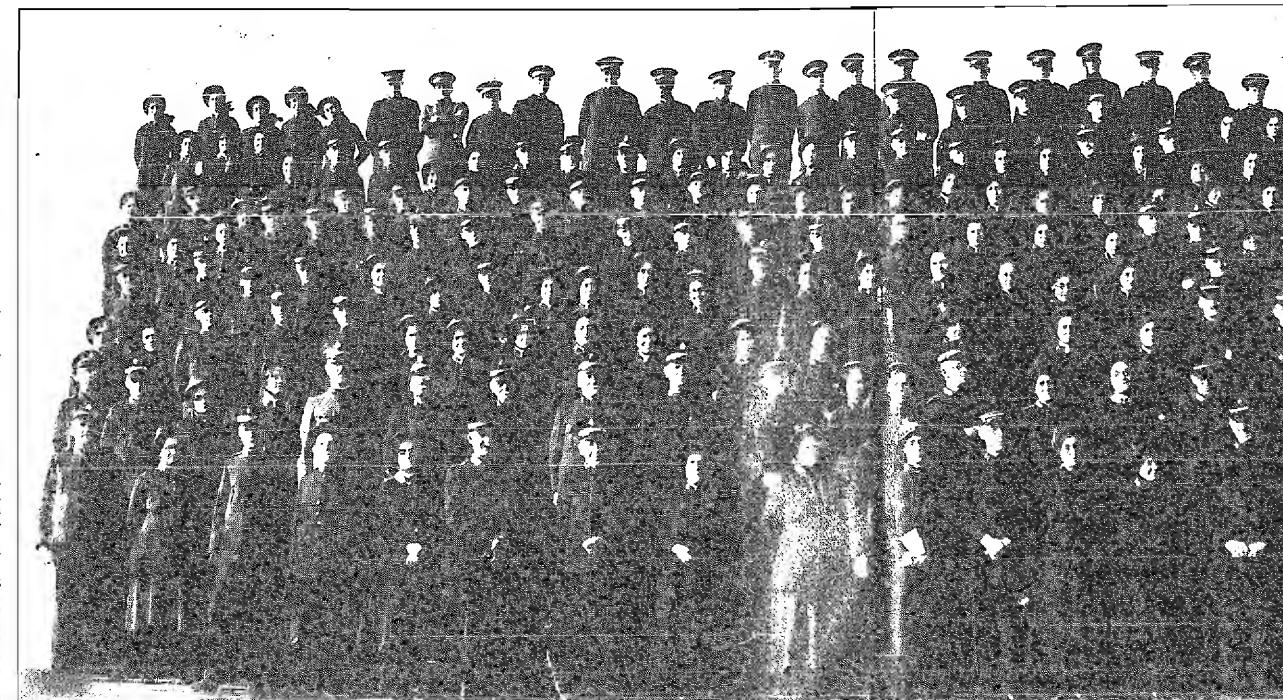
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who presided over the
afternoon lecture.



Hon. Joosten, Premier
of Manitoba proposed
that thanks.



J. T. Haig, M.L.A., who
seconded the vote of
thanks.



DELEGATES TO THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS IN WINNIPEG, WITH COLONEL MARY BOOTH AND COMM

GRESS SUNDAY—A DAY OF CONSACRATION, INSPIRATION AND SALVATION

Colonel Mary Booth Reives Ovation Welcome

heard the tender words of the Master, "I know that the angels had not checked the force or sweetness of His sayings, but that they were for us of these days."

There were others who were with us and they too heard the same sweet call, and, as Colonel Booth said, "they were beginning to yearn for the resulting glory of doing the will of God." They received something of the treasures they had, but, as the hearts of their wives, deep longing, that He would restore those to them, and He who answers our prayers was answering the unspoken thoughts of all who thus yearned.

Somewhere about twelve o'clock, for much had been done and said during the hour and a quarter that elapsed between the first and second services, Rich was at his feet, and with that gentle persuasion which is His gift from the Lord, he was urging us to a fuller consecration, and to a return to the Master Who is so gracious to all.

Soon a row of seekers were at the Altar, and the Capitol Theatre said it received its consecration, as the House of Prayer. It was a time of much faith, and of much rejoicing, and when we closed with eleven or twelve victories in our midst, we knew that the seal of God had been placed on our Day. It was a holy beginning to a "Blood and Fire" Day, and of the flowing of the Stream of His grace.

AFTERNOON—INSPIRATION

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A LARGE and representative crowd of citizens met in the Theatre for the afternoon gathering. Half an hour

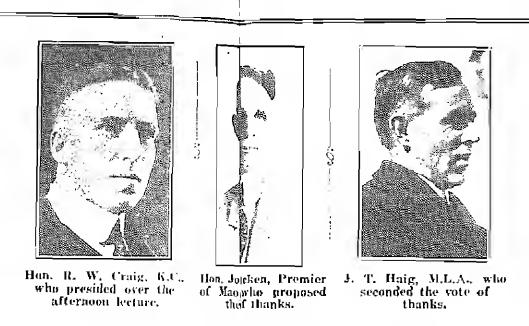
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The entrance of the party was the signal for the great audience to stand to its feet and a moment later the stirring strains of the National Anthem rang through the auditorium.

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The Commissioner in introducing or also took the opportunity of extend-



Hon. R. W. Craig, K.C., who presided over the afternoon lecture.

H. J. Jackson, Premier of Manitoba, who proposed the vote of thanks.

J. T. Haig, M.L.A., who seconded the vote of thanks.

which The Organization is doing in our midst grows from day to day." The speaker brought with him the good wishes of the Lieutenant-Governor, who bade him express them on behalf of the Province and in addition requested the Commissioner to convey greetings and warm sympathy to The Army's International Leader.

"In our midst this afternoon," Mr. Craig said, "we have one who not only bears the honoured name of Booth but carries with distinction the highest traditions of The Salvation Army. His message will be the best for what we do with regard to the very best things in life."

As soon as the applause had died away to hear Colonel Booth emphasize what he had lectured, for the greater part of an hour the speaker carried his willing listeners to many parts of The Army world, entranced them with word-pictures of Salvation progress, and thrilled them with stories of adventure. Now throbbing with patches, now rocking with laughter, the audience enjoyed the rich treat thus provided by the Colonel, to the very last word. It was a brilliant and masterly presentation of a great theme.

It was no mere formality that led the Hon. John Bracken to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer and he did it most wholeheartedly. "The address we have had the honor of listen-

ing to this afternoon will help us all to understand why The Salvation Army has reached such a multitude of hearts and lives," he said, and went on to pay a high tribute to The Organization and its Founder.

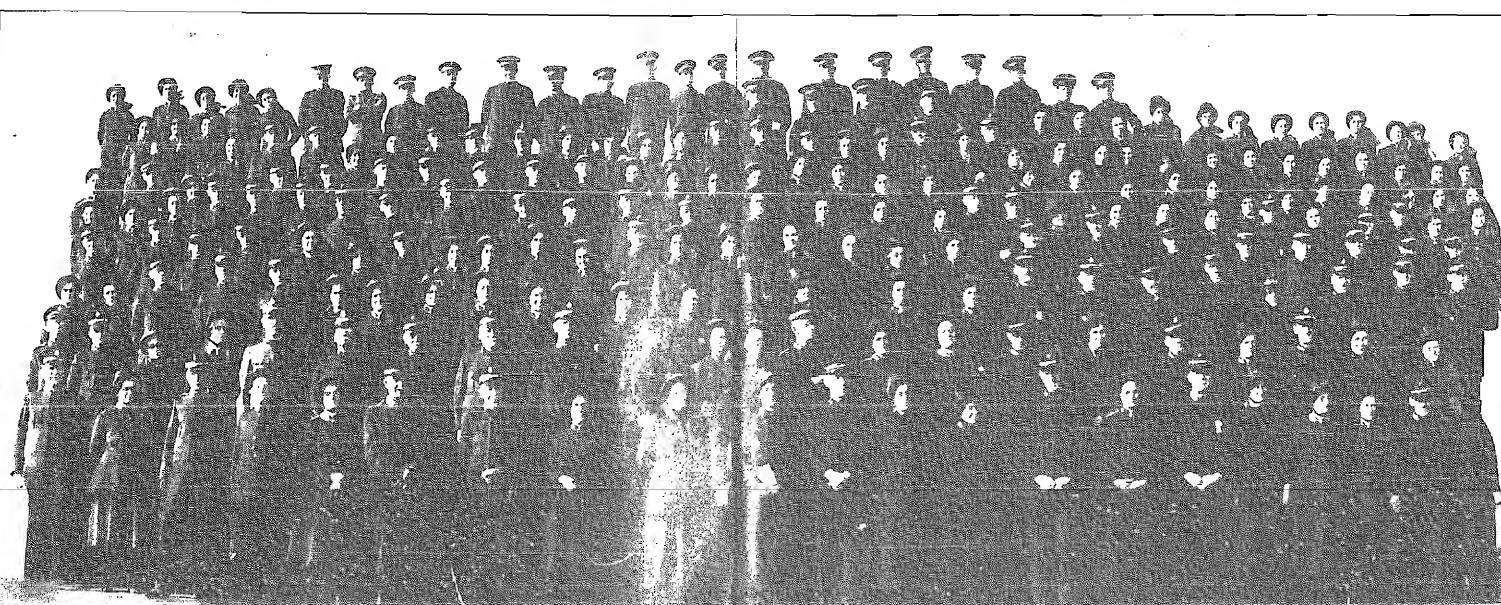
In a racy speech Mr. J. T. Haig seconded the motion. "By going about delivering her graphic message," he said, "Colonel Booth is doing one of the finest things that I know of. Christ and His crucifix is the only influence that can save the world and its peoples."

A standing vote to both lecturer and lecturer was taken, the applause on the part of the audience showed how it had enjoyed the afternoon's proceedings. Everybody was completely satisfied.

The gathering closed with the singing of the Doxology and prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. Bjornson, President of the Ministerial Association.

During the afternoon some excellent musical items were rendered by the Sherbrooke St. and Citadel Bands, the latter rendering in exquisite style the Meditation "Home, sweet Home." The Congress Choir with its sweet rendition of "The Army Flag," captured our fancy especially, noting the young voices of Blend and Five and the superb renditions over the stage. The missing Bands provided all that was necessary for the congregational singing.

One other item we must not forget: We were greatly indebted to a vocal quartet composed of Staff-Captain Mundy, Adjutants Davies and Haynes, and Captain Bamsey, the harmonious singing of which at intervals helped to add to the effectiveness of the feature.



DELEGATES TO THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS IN WINNIPEG, WITH COLONEL MARY BOOTH AND COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICH

DAY OF CONSECRATION, INSPIRATION AND SALVATION

Colonel Mary Booth Reives Ovational Welcome



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As soon as the applause had died away to a hush Colonel Booth embarked on her lecture. For the greater part of an hour the speaker carried her willing listeners to many parts of The Army world, entranced them with word-pictures of Salvation progress, and thrilled them with stories of adventure. Now throbbing with pathos, now rocking with laughter, the audience enjoyed the rich treat thus provided by the Colonel, to the very last word. It was a brilliant and masterly presentation of a great theme.

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NIGHT—SALVATION

"His Blood avails for me."

WE want to set down some of the warmth and glory of the Meeting as quickly as we can; while our own soul is hot with the glow of the old, old tale as we have heard it told again to-night.

It seems to us that we have been walking in sacred groves this blessed evening—as though we have heard the old songs with fresh sweetness, and as though we have seen once more the saints of old and heard their voices. But there has been one voice—more appealing and insistent than them all—just as it was when we were much younger, and the story was newer, and the years had not rolled by us—"Come, come—come."

While we write they are coming. We can hear the music of the band, and the singing of the multitude, and anon the voice of individual prayer, and then the shouts of triumphant welcome. (They are coming—one, and two, ten, twenty.)

Right at the start we were in the presence of our old glorified saints. It has been a day of such influences. Colonel Mary Booth will think no ill of us in saying that the old Founder has been with us. His dear old swaying form has been a constant figure in our mind's eye.

When at the commencement of the night Meeting we rose to sing our immortal anthem, "Oh, boundless salvation," instinctively there was a memory of him. It did not need the Commissioner's reminder to recall him to us. Right around the Capitol Theatre the song echoed and re-echoed; everybody sang it; the boys in front knew it and sang; we all sang it. "Oh, ocean of mercy."

As we closed our eyes for prayer there seemed to come over the vast crowd a hush which told of a fervent expectancy. It was intensified as Major Tyndall and Mrs. Rich prayed. But there was a sweep of faith when the thousands sang:

*"And while others Thou art blessing
Do not pass me by."*

The Congress Songsters, to whom other tributes have been worthily paid, uttered a sweetly moving appeal which we have not heard for a score of years—

*"Oh brother, Oh, sister
He'll take your sins away."*

and then the dear old form of the Founder was with us again. (We've had hard work to think of any one else to-day.) We heard his resonant voice as Staff-Captain Steele read to us the matchless words of the Prophet: "Ho, every one that thirsteth." How often we have seen him, the Founder, with his Book in his hand, stand before immense audiences and read that same Scripture, "Let the wicked forsake his ways—let him return unto the Lord—He will have mercy upon him—He will abundantly pardon." We gloried in it.

Here came one of the most thrilling sights we have seen in years; the "Song of Witness" we called it. The Commissioner called the manhood of the house to their feet, and without any urging the volume of song was as the surge of the sea:

*"In my heart He implants a song,
A Song of Deliverance, and
Courage and Strength."*

The sisters came in with us a few moments later, standing to their feet with us, but—dare we say it?—the thrill was in the manhood testimony—"Courage and strength."

(Continued on page 8)

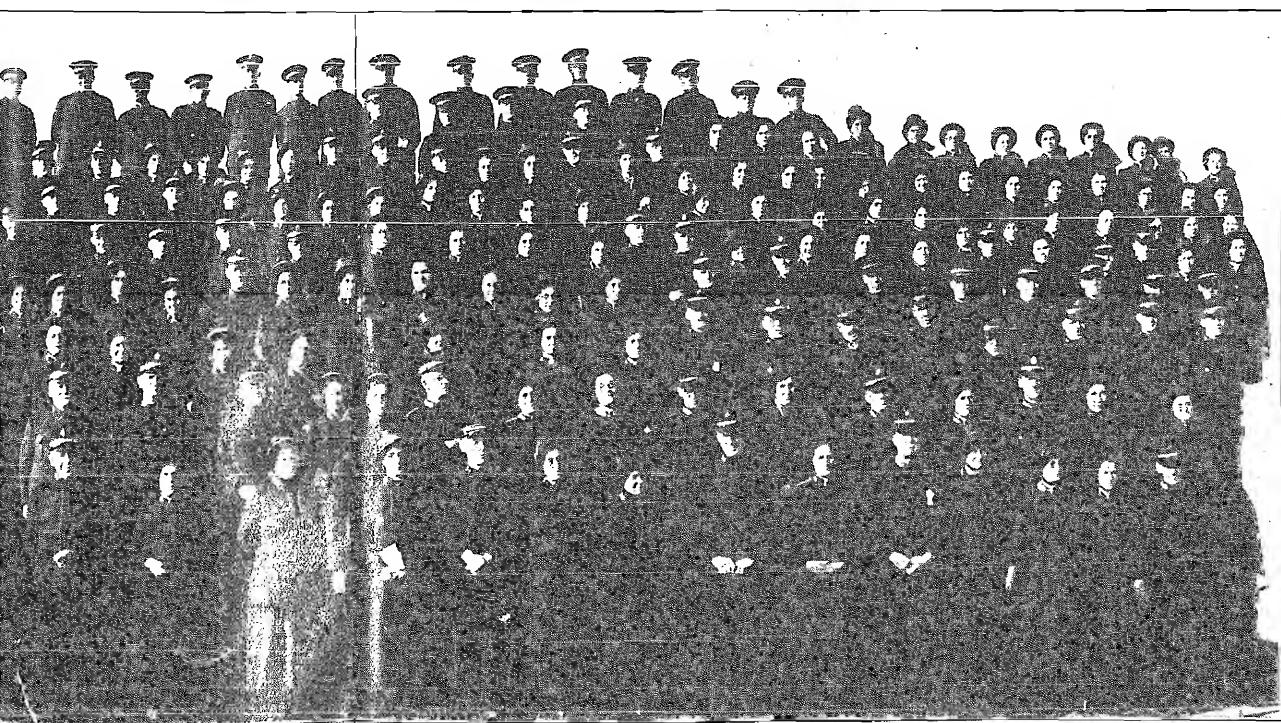
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SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS INNPEG, WITH COLONEL MARY BOOTH AND COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICH

Congress Sunday (Continued from page 7)

A moment later we heard the same Witness in a splendid virile yet simple Christian testimony from Brother Hill, of Melfort, (M.L.A., Sask.), and with his words we were once more in the central theme of the Meeting, and which is—as we write—being repeated in song again and again by the praying host in the hall near by:

"Come to Jesus, now."

What a night of emotions it has been! How has it been possible for praying Salvationists to be other than moved! The Commissioner has led us from point to point in our worship and soul-saving expectancy. And Colonel Mary has done more than make us see and hear her.

You who were not there missed a sight when she jumped to her feet and led us in the world anthem of The Army. The tune, the one the Founder made famous the world over—the Bandmaster needed no prompting as to the right one. No sooner did the Colonel give a hint of his song, than we all knew what she wanted. The old man was at the Rail once more; we saw his full form, his flashing eye, his sweeping hands, and his thrilling voice was in our ears. How else could it be?

What were we singing? Oh, you know. There's no need at all to tell you:

"His Blood can make the vilest clean,

"His Blood averts for me."

The collection was the briefest interlude, and though the Citadel Band played to us with all its usual charm—and some more—of "The Man of Sorrows," and though we listened with grateful joy to some of their wonderful cadences, we were all of an urge to hear the address of the night.

* * *

How simply eloquent it was. Not the slightest approach to affectation, but as a true and called-of-God preacher of His Gospel. A thorough Daughter of the Regiment, how she stands by the old truths, and how even the words of her text are as of the old days. The tender appeal of it caused almost a gasp to run through the audience.

Sentence after sentence, and not one of them but was weighted with thoughts of God and His Fatherlike call. Now and then a paragraph of wonderful phrasing, only to be followed by a tender word which was like to a mother calling her children, and a stretching forth of the hands which was as an actual invitation.

"Come to Jesus." How could anybody withstand that appeal? (And they are not, for as we sit here and hurriedly write, they are coming—twenty, thirty, still they come.)

Ransacked was the Bible story to tell how God by His holy Prophets and by His marvellous doings is always calling. The wounding of it, almost a crooning note, "Oh, how can I give thee up!" The old woman who cannot give up the search for her lost boy became as the Lord Himself in His untiring search for the wanderers.

We closed our eyes for a few moments, and our thoughts were away again. Echoes of the old General's song were still on the air. "His Blood avails for me." We were back among some of his immense audiences, the sense of it was all about us, and it has not left us as we write. The beloved form would not be denied; a voice was in our ears. We heard him say, "Will you not come?" And then there was Another Who said, "Will you not come unto Me?"

We aroused ourselves. It was Colonel Mary Booth who was audible, but the Other One was pleading too, and as Commissioner Rich so often says (has just said) "Someone is coming to Jesus to-night."

And they are still coming! We have looked into the hall. Hundreds are still with us, although it is past ten o'clock. The Mercy-Seat is still lined,

Saturday Night—The Soldiers' Meeting

A subdued murmur of delightful expectancy, and a prayerful excitement hovered over the crowd of Salvationists, and those who had once joined with us in the fray, as the forces gathered in the First Baptist Church for the Soldiers' Meeting with Colonel Mary Booth—a Meeting that was one of the Congress gams. The Colonel's address at the Friday night gathering had but served to whet our appetites, and it was with eager hearts we awaited her coming.

A burst of enthusiasm welcomed her; the loyalty of the Winnipeg Soldiers shouted aloud in every hand-clap, in every fervent Amen, and every Hallelujah. This spirit of Salvationism found ample vent in the opening song:

"Boundless is the Blood to save us,

Boundless is the grace to keep us,

Boundless is our work for men,

Hallelujah.

Boundless praises ne'er shall end."

The wave of song mounted higher and ever higher, as the truths of the song ever glared over our hearts. And again in the prayer-chorus, as we lifted our hearts to the Lord, pleading for cleansing, and as Brigadier Carter lead us in prayer. Hearts were touched, vows renewed, even at that early hour in the Meeting, weak souls strengthened by the fervor of those around.

Now our very souls thrilled as the Singers sang, reiterating, "Sing Hallelujah, shout Amen, in the good old Army-style." It was a ringing call for an out-and-out Salvationism, a call that appealed to many hearts.

Then came Brigadier Gosling's telling, Scripture-reading, and pointed comments, on the story of Gideon, and his three hundred, and his urgent appeal to Salvationists to be "strong in the Lord"—strong in character, purpose and conviction.

The congregation was in a worshipful attitude as the Citadel Band played "My Jesus," and before the final beautifull setting of the tune, "Gooarts" was finished, everyone was eager to burst into song. It did not take long for the Commissioner to take advantage of this,

Vancouver Citadel News

Vancouver Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt). The news of Lt.-Colonel Taylor's Promotion to Glory had a mellowing influence at the Citadel during the weekend, where we were in the midst of our Harvest Festival Thanksgiving celebrations. On the Saturday night we found the Hall decorated with foliage and flowers, and a pleasing array of fruits and vegetables.

The Sunday Meetings were in the hands of Lt.-Colonel Payne and the Campaign Officers. The "Hallelujah" Meeting, under Envoy Alward, was of an inspiring character. Among those taking part were Major Habkirk, Captain Clifford Milley and Lieutenant Amos, the latter of the "Grace" staff. Brigadier Allen gave the address.

The Afternoon Meeting was specially set aside for praise, Major Habkirk and Staff-Captain Bourne in turn leading the—

and forty, fifty have knelt there. There is a rampaging march preceding around the house, the words are indistinguishable above the noise of the shouting and music, but the song is this:

"And then we'll crown Him Lord of all,

"When the nations meet

"At the Saviour's feet,

"We'll crown Him Lord of all."

Colonel Booth looks on, stands up,

rattles her tambourine (that has en-

and gladly, with fixed bayonets, we sang, again and again, "Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus." That prayer in song, "O to know that Thou art mine," was answered for many hearts before the Meeting was finished.

There is nothing dramatic about Colonel Mary Booth's utterances, nothing involved or difficult of interpretation. The humblest Soldier, the newest, youngest Convert could follow her clear, exposition with ease; her ringing voice lent power to the age-old truths which she emphasised, as she spoke of "the Lord, ever, always, the same," and her evident gladness, joyous Salvationism was, in itself, a trenchant call to those who have weakened in the battle, or grown cold in the fight.

With many an illustration, some pathetic, some of fighting quality, some humorous, she drove home the fact that today Jesus has the same power—and that it is possible, now, for every Soldier of His to receive that power. She told of the German Colonel—her translator—who, before every Meeting, spends half an hour in prayer, and who, on one occasion attributed the non-success of a certain Meeting to the fact that he had neglected to pray. She told of the little Corps Cadet—and in the telling brought tears to many eyes—who was asked by her mistress (who had seen a group of Salvationists fighting for their Lord) if her people were always as earnest.

The young girl replied, "Yes, Madame, they are always as earnest." "Oh my comrades," said the Colonel, "may the Lord give us power to never fail that Corps Cadet. Let us be always in earnest."

Almost as the Colonel finished speaking,

and before any singing, seekers commenced to come to the Mercy-Seat, and it was with joy that everyone was soon in the thick of a battle such as the true Salvationist delights in. Hard and long it raged, but many victories were won, many sins laid at the feet of Jesus; many a faltering one was strengthened and invigorated before the Meeting closed in triumphant songs of praise and glory.

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Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!

THE WINNIPEG CONGRESS FESTIVAL

Colonel Mary Booth Makes a Musical Appeal

Our Occasional Talk

The Dominion of Sin

THE Apostle says, "Sin shall not have dominion over you," and he explains how sin shall not reign over us. He puts it this way; he says: "For ye have obeyed from the heart," and it is heart-obedience that gives us liberty. When I accept the principle of doing what my Lord tells me He leads me into liberty.

I ask you how can He set you free if you disobey Him? Can any general lead soldiers who are rebelling? Can he give them much of a victory? Certainly not, but if you will do what the Apostle tells you from the heart in that happy response of love and faith, that obedience not by constraint, but of love and faith, because I love Him I do what He tells me, because I trust Him wholly. I go the way He bids me, then as you obey from the heart you are made free from sin by the obedience of the heart.

Many years ago a Salvation Army comrade called upon me upon a matter of business. I had no knowledge at all of her before that morning. She had a face that was lit up from inside, a holy, happy face full of joy and peace.

Could Hardly Believe It

So after we had done our business I said to her: "Do tell me how you were saved?" and to my great astonishment she told me that she had been an habitual drunkard, that she had lived upon the streets; and as I looked at her bright face I could hardly believe it.

She said, "You would hardly believe it, but it is like a horrible nightmare from which I have awokened, I can hardly believe that I am the same person as that poor bedraggled wretch who lived in sin and filth under the power of drink."

Well after a little while I said: "I am often talking to young people, I would like you to tell me very shortly what was the secret of your standing up free, casting off those old fearful bonds of sin and being free from the reign of sin," and I shall never forget her reply. She said: "I will give you it in a word, 'Prompt obedience.' You have obeyed from the heart."

Comrade of mine, that is where you have failed. When the Spirit warns you of besetting sin you do not listen, when the holy voice of your Saviour says, "Don't do that" you do not obey from the heart. If you want to be free you must obey from the heart, and you will know what it is then to be free yourself.

A Chinese Parable with a Canadian Application

IT came to pass that a man went to market having on his shoulder a string of seven large copper coins. (Chinese coins are strung on strings and carried on the shoulder). Seeing a beggar crying for alms, he gave the poor creature six of his seven coins. Then the beggar, instead of being grateful, crept up behind the kind man and stole the seventh coin also.

What an abominable wretch! Yes, but in saying this you condemn yourselves. You receive from the hand of the gracious God six days, yet you are not content. The seventh you also steal.

IT is no use saying that one Army Musical Festival is like any other, for there is always a difference—if only in the time that some of the performers take to get ready for their own special item. The Congress Festival of 1928 was entirely different from any others that we have heard and seen in Winnipeg, in that it was the first of its kind. In previous years the last official public event has been the Missionary Demonstration—and we confess to lingering fondness for that arrangement—but on Monday night we arranged it amidst a torrent of music and song!

The Grace Church, scene of so many great Congress events, was packed to its utmost limit when the curtains parted and we greeted the leaders of the Meeting—Colonel Mary Booth, Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, etc. The bands were piled together in the very limited space which was all the building could afford; the Congress Choir was seated tier on tier in the organ seats; and the gifted choir-master of the church—Mr. J. C. W. Agnew was also ready at the organ.

With a burst of song which was typically "Army" we set off on our musical journey to the tilt and trip of "A Rose of White," with its undercutting of counter-chorus, and by the time Brigadier George Smith had led us in prayer we were in a thoroughly ready frame of mind.

Those who think we are going to make this report a critique of the programme are to be disappointed; we know our limits. To pose as a musician is one thing, to go to press as one is another. We will not even venture on the much expressed statement of the Congress and say, "Here we are". We are not "here" in that sense.

But we tell you the Congress Festival was "put over" in fine style, and even our jaded and tired nerves were restored to some of their normal Armyism as the various items were presented. The "Herald of Praise" march, by the united bands, smashed down all our reserves, and we were obliged to sit up and take notice.

The Commissioner, who acted as Chairman, had all the items neatly interwoven so that there were no pauses which were of his creating; his happy asides and deft remarks kept matters moving evenly and gladly.

Sherbrooke Street Band, under the control of Bandmaster Stairs came creditably through "Thanksgiving," with its reiterated phrase, "Praise the Lord your God"; making a splendid introduction to

the skilfully executed, and always welcome cornet solo by "Our George"—Deputy Bandmaster Weir of the Citadel. The trills and thrills of "Happy Day" with its bright accompaniment satisfied even us, and caused Colonel Mary Booth to jingle her tambourine, as applauding approval. (Gracious me, why can't we all get tambourines, we shouldn't have to clap our hands!) The

to the D.C. and those with him who acted as the ever-necessary stage managers.

It was late, much too late, when Colonel Mary Booth rose to give her final Congress address; it is impossible for us to set it all down, but here are a few extracts:

I only wish we were back at the beginning of the programme. I should love it. I have had all my work cut out to keep me from standing to my feet. The display of young people's activities was splendid. No one believes in this as I do. We are going to do great things for such young people in Germany. God bless you, dear Officers and Locals who are working for our young people. Go on with it. It is the greatest opportunity. We never know what the young people are going to do. They are the men and women of the future. You don't know what the boys and girls that were on this platform are going to do. They will knock spots off Commissioner Rich!

Who would have thought that that boy singing in the streets of a little German town would become Martin Luther; that that boy who only had one year of school would be the one to free the slaves—Abraham Lincoln; that the little English girl born in Italy, who found a poor, wounded dog in the street when she was five years old, and bound up his leg, would become the "Lady of the Lamp" — Florence Nightingale; and that the boy playing outside the chapel with his marbles, who followed the minister inside would become William Booth, our Founder.

I don't know how long you want the address tonight. I don't think you are in the mood for an address. You must be tired of my voice, but I would like to say that I love music and I have enjoyed every minute of this Festival tonight. It would be a strange world without the birds or flowers, but without music it would be beyond imagination. I wish I could write a book that would take its place among the classics of the world. I wish I could write a poem or paint a beautiful picture but most of all I wish I could write a song that would find a place in the hearts of men and women all around the world. I envy your Editor because he writes songs that sing themselves round the world. I love the music of nature. I love to hear birds singing on a Spring morning. I love to hear the ripple of a brook and the splash of a waterfall. I have walked by the seashore and heard the music of the waves and listened with awe to God's great orchestra, the crash of thunder. I love, most of all, The Army music. Thank God for it. Our Bands and Songsters who are playing and singing around the world, the glad tidings of salvation are doing a great work.

I sometimes think of music as being like Jacob's ladder; the songs we sing, the tunes we play, they are like the angels going up and up until they reach Heaven. And then the music comes to our hearts from Heaven like the angels coming down the ladder to Jacob sleeping at the foot. I felt that tonight while the Songsters were singing and the Band playing I felt the music of heaven coming down. I thank God for the songs of blessing, of inspiration and of joy; for the songs of the day, and the songs of the night. I thank God for song.

On one occasion a great musician came to my house in Germany—a wonderful pianist, who told me she could play one hundred pieces from memory, straight off. She played on my poor little piano—wonderful harmonies, that uplifted and blessed me. I felt honored beyond words to have her there, but when she had gone I felt there was one thing for which I could never

(Continued on page 12)



SALVATION IN THE HOP-FIELDS
An intensive Salvation Effort has been proceeding among English hop-pickers; our illustration shows the New Barnet Band, with Lt.-Colonel J. Evan Smith, Bandmaster, conducting a hop-field campaign in Kent.



One Objective Reached

Darphin (Captain and Mrs. Johnson). Great excitement prevailed in Army circles last weekend, when Brigadier Smith was with us to conduct the opening ceremony of our new Y.P. Hall, this taking place on Saturday, October 6. The Brigadier read the account of the dedication of Solomon's Temple, emphasizing the passage, "Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house that I have built." Immediately following the opening the Brigadier gave an interesting and instructive lantern lecture on "Newfoundland".

Throughout the weekend the Brigadier's theme was "The Voyage of Life," and many good things came our way from his book of experience. While we cannot report souls, many hearts were blessed and stirred, and we believe some will surrender soon.

This special weekend concluded with a Musical Festival on the Monday night, when a record audience listened to the singing of our newly-formed Songster Brigade, which on this occasion made its first appearance. We pray that God will use the Brigade in the winning of souls for His Kingdom. Recitations, drills and solos interested us on this occasion.

We are pleased to report that our Centenary Harvest Festival effort has been a decided success. In smashing our target we went 35% over last Harvest Festival. The Sale went splendidly; our largest item being potatoes, of which we had no less than 60 bushels; other produce loaded down the platform and tables. The returns for this were 40% above last Harvest Festival, so our 20% Centenary increase has been passed. The Soldiers divided in teams went 150% over last Harvest Festival, in the residential district.—"Overcomers"

Won in Hospital

Maple Creek, (Captain Hranius and Lieut. Jones). Every Sunday afternoon we hold a short Meeting in one of the wards at the Hospital by kind permission of the Matron. Many of the patients are cheered by our message, and some who are Christians give voluntary testimonies. Last Sunday after our Meeting, a patient who had heard us the week before but had not yielded, asked the Captain to pray for him, with the result that he claimed Christ as his personal Saviour.—H.A.W.

Harvest Offerings

Home Street, Winnipeg (Captain and Mrs. Arthur Smith). With the fruits of the harvest arranged tastefully before us, we gathered once again to offer our "Thanks" to God for His goodness to us. But ere the day closed we had much more than material blessings to be thankful for, for one young comrade came forward in the morning and two other young girls wept their way to the Mercy-Seat in the evening.

The sale of the produce which was held on the Tuesday following realized the splendid sum of \$75. Captain and Mrs. Smith having received their marching orders farewelled from our midst last Sunday. Their stay in the Corps has been a blessing to us and we very sincerely regret that they are so soon going from us.—W.L.

Swift Current (Ensign and Mrs. Dorin). The Annual Harvest Festival was a success, and our Target of \$400 was smashed. Last Sunday we said farewell to Ensign and Mrs. Dorin whose short stay among us has been a great blessing. We pray that God will continue to be with them. Candidate Jones also recently farewelled for the Training Garrison. Good crowds are attending our Open-Air Meetings.—J.K.

A Trio of Calgary Weddings NEXT PLEASE!

Adjutant Waterston, the energetic Calgary Social Officer is not a barber, neither does he run a shoe-shine parlor, but he has been termed by the Calgary Soldiers as the champion knot-tier. For he has during the past two weeks conducted no less than three weddings. In fact he has mastered the art so well that the last ceremony he conducted almost without looking at his book.

We believe that this performance of the Adjutant constitutes a record as far as Calgary is concerned. All three weddings were of first class order with the Citadel almost filled with friends on these special occasions.

Officers Farewell

Saskatoon Citadel (Ensign and Mrs. Collier). By well organized and united effort our Harvest Festival Target of \$1000 has been smashed. In less than a week the greater portion of this amount was collected by the comrades of the Corps who turned out in teams to "put it over." Enthusiasm ran high, and this splendid victory was attained.

Adjutant and Mrs. Shaw said farewell to Saskatoon in a series of Meetings over the weekend. On the Sunday victorious Meetings were conducted by these comrades and we rejoiced in seeing five persons kneel at the Mercy-Seat. Hallelujah!

On Monday evening an Officers' farewell tea was presided over by Brigadier Gosling when representative speakers spoke in appropriate terms of the Adjutant's length and successful stay in the city. This was also the occasion of the farewell of Captain Young and Lieut. Bell from the West-side Corps, and mention was made of these comrades and their work in that sphere. A public gathering followed when a splendid crowd gathered to say goodbye to the farewelling Officers mentioned.—F.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sister Mrs. Myers, Vancouver Citadel

The ranks of Vancouver Citadel Corps have suffered another thinning out. Within recent weeks Sister Mrs. Myers has been called Home. Our comrade, with her husband, put in such faithful attendance at the Sunday Meetings that when, a few months ago they failed to occupy the wanted position in the Hall, occupying enquires were made regarding them. Since then Mrs. Myers health has been gradually failing, and she ultimately passed peacefully away. Of a bright, active, cheerful disposition, those coming in contact with her would not readily have suspected her of having reached the advanced age of well over three score and ten.

Adjutant Cubitt conducted the services and the Funeral, and Major Jaynes, who

the first couple married were Brother Lapp and Sister Eva Jackson, who, after their marriage, went to Saskatoon to make their future home. Next was Brother S. Pilkington and Sister Ethel Middleton. They will reside in Calgary and still remain Soldiers of the Citadel Corps. Then last came Brother Baden-Powell Lewis, the Corps drummer, and Songster Eva Watts. These comrades will also make their home in Calgary. We trust that God's blessing shall be with them each one and that they may be a great blessing to others.

The scribe in speaking to Adjutant Waterston said he thinks there are other young couples thinking the question over for the future.

The Citadel was very prettily decorated on each occasion, well within keeping with The Salvation Army traditions. Each couple were the recipients of tributes from their parents and friends and all went to show how their work in the Corps has been appreciated. And through it all we hope and pray that the Citadel Corps and the Kingdom of God shall benefit by the uniting together of these young lives.—Observer.

Victoria News

Adjutant and Mrs. Merritt. As a preliminary to the Centenary Campaign, Adjutant Merritt held Soldiers' Councils a few weeks ago, on Sunday morning and afternoon. At present he is giving a series of special "Holiness Health Talks" every Sunday morning, and at the Wednesday night Soldiers' Meeting, particular attention is paid to Army doctrine, in an effort to keep the standard raised by the Founder well to the front. Last Wednesday night, by means of a chart, the Adjutant gave a thorough explanation of The Army plan for Young People's work. These Meetings are very helpful and interesting.

Four sisters were enrolled on Sunday afternoon, three of them Life Saving Guards transferred from the Junior Corps. Already there is a new name for the latter Roll with the arrival of Master Milley, whose parents are Victoria Soldiers. Songster North, who has been a hospital patient for several weeks, following a serious operation, is slowly recovering. Mrs. Adjutant Sharp too, will soon, we hope, be able to come to the Citadel.

Summer visitors have departed and we miss their cheery words and smiles, from Sergeant Collins of New York I, to those of neighboring Corps. God bless them all and keep them in His care.—A.E.T.

A Notable Weekend

Neepawa (Lieutenant Hillary). A wave of Salvation was experienced at Neepawa during the last weekend in September, on the occasion of the farewells of Captain Fitch. Special visitors added to our blessing, among them being Commandant Bearchell of New York, Lieutenant McCleery from Elwood, and Y.P. Band-Leader Fitch from Vane-over Hill. The Open-Air Meeting on Saturday night gripped the attention of a large crowd, and many were blessed.

The Holiness Meeting was rich in blessing, Lieutenant Hillary's address on "The Crucified Life," increasing our sense of reverence for sacred things. In the afternoon Captain Fitch farewelled at the Company-Meeting. Band-Leader Fitch was a welcome visitor, giving a short talk, and leading some singing.

At night, the Open-Air Meeting, led on by our genial friend, Commandant Bearchell prepared us for a great battle at the Citadel. The latter was well filled and we revelled in a good Salvation Meeting. Commandant Bearchell, Lieutenants Hillary and McCleery and Band-Leader Fitch spoke briefly and helpfully, bringing conviction to the unsaved. The Sisters sang feelingly, "Come with thy sin," following which the Captain brought vividly before us the story of the trial of Jesus. Conviction was very evident, and during the Prayer-Meeting our faith was rewarded by seven souls making their peace with God. Hallelujah!—L.P.

Sailors Seek Salvation

North Vancouver (Captain Finnie and Lieutenant Stolhart). On Sunday, October 7, we welcomed our new Officers, Captain Finnie and Lieutenant Stolhart, and had rousing Meetings all day. Ensign Goodwin came to the Holiness Meeting, bringing with him a number of the boys from one of the ships that travel to the Old Country. At night the Captain spoke very convincingly, and in the Prayer-Meeting we had the delight of seeing four sailor-boys kneeling at the Altar. During the Prayer-Meeting three of our Comrades rendered a charming vocal item.—"Bill."

recollections of the genial greetings he would always extend. He had the habit of calling me by my Christian name, and there was something in the way he would say, "George," which contained encouragement and inspiration. When he was at all able he loved to mingle with the Open-Air crowd on a Sunday evening and when I happened to be giving my testimony it was his face in the crowd that somehow made it easier for me.

Adjutant Cubitt conducted the first service, and also, although the long Sunday night was that of the farewells of the Candidates, he devoted part of the Meeting to references to our Comrades passing, and mentioning especially the suffering he endured towards the end of his life. Several memorial hymns were sung, and Brother Bottrell and family much sympathized.—G.A.

On Monday afternoon Adjutant Cubitt conducted the second service of the son of Brother Mr. Downey, time-honored Salvatorian of the Citadel. Although not well known to many comrades, he had been a loyal and the testimony of his life before his departure had a true ring to it.

"We sorrow—not as those with whom we weep." —I.R.W.

October 27, 1928

CHA
Mrs. Denny

IT was June in the long and sunny summer. A robin in the bushes in the last sleepy in the Summer creaked a token of farewell. Mrs. Bristow had command of another who had many of loved, but very few endeared themselves as had Ensign as a fact had been an audience who had Sunday night w

It was now Tuesday above the hall where their personal belongings had come in to stay. This said to unpack her things, but as they were things, but for the two women.

"Just think," she said at her eyes with just three years ago, came to us. This happened in those other ways the fast! As I said, I seen lots of official go away again, I ever seen any good-by to as bad everybody else left, too."

"It's very nice that way about Bristow, and we are grateful to have been here, very dear to us, them."

"Yes; an' the either!" broke in. "An' there's more that has. There's Officer O'Donnell, the piest man, an' he wasn't even save away God only knows, it just marvels Helen are gettin' can never forget. It did my heart 'em testify in the I was kind o' see Helen up an' m' has turned out all night Diana got all the way home, he just the sweetest."

"Officer O'Donnell come to when Diana married, hardy, but Helen not hear of him a to live with Helen she never knew he

"Some Folks"

"Yes, sir; I'll never forget what they done for them, to help them on the only ones, the folks down in the never forget. The of the big strike for them then, you give 'em, an'

"Oh, and I all broke in Mrs. eyes shining. "For to bid good-bye, told him that he the poor of San babies with milk while we have been splendid? It had both The Army that Mr. Murray was so sick."

"It certainly in the first place done it at all there to him to do it!" rejoined to the young Mrs. Bristow fu

October 27, 1928



e Weekend

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Meeting on Saturday the attention of a many were blessed leeting was rich in it. Hillary's address Life," increasing our or sacred things. In an Fitch farewelling, Band-Leader me visitor, giving a ding some singing.

open-Air Meeting, led friend, Commandant us for a great battle the latter was well-filled good Salvation Meet- Bearchell, Lieutenants ery and Band-Leader helpfully bringing unsaved. The Song, "Come with thy Captain the Captain brought the story of the trial of was very evident, er-Meeting our faith ten souls making their Hallelujah!—L.F.

Sorry to Leave Sardis
"It's very nice to know that folks feel that way about us," returned Mrs. Bristow, "and we appreciate it, too, and are grateful toward them, and we are very sorry to go away from Sardis. We have been wonderfully blest while we have been here. The people have grown very dear to us, and we can never forget them."

"Yes; an' they'll never forget you, either!" broke in the voluble Mrs. Denny. "An' there's many an' many of them that has good cause to remember you. There's Officer O'Donnell, he's the happiest man, an' when you came here he wasn't even saved, an' his Danny was away God only knew where. An' ain't it just marvelous the way Danny an' Helen are getting on? I'm sure they can never forget what you did for them. It did my heart good to hear both of 'em testify in the Sunday night meetin'. I was kind o' scared about things when Helen up an' married him, but it sure has turned out fine. I was so glad the night Danny got saved that I cried most all the way home. An' little Alan, ain't he just the sweetest thing!"

"Officer O'Donnell was sort of disappointed when Danny and Helen did not come to make their home with him after their marriage. He wanted them to so badly, but Helen's father simply would not hear of it at all, so they went there to live with Helen's people. Helen says she never knew her father to be so attached to anyone as he is to little Alan."

"Some Folks'll Never Forget You"

"Yes, sir; I'll say there's some folk that'll never forget you, an' what you've done for them. You've sure done a lot to help them on the way, an' they ain't the only ones, either. There's a heap o' folks down in London Bridge who'll never forget. They remember the Winter of the big strike, an' all you, folks done for them then, the groceries, the clothes gave 'em, an' the coal."

"Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you," broke in Mrs. Bristow, her wide, clear eyes shining, "Ensign went up yesterday to bid good-by to Mr. Murray, and he told him that he would keep on supplying the poor of Sardis with coal, and the babies with milk, just as he has done while we have been here! Isn't that just splendid? It has been a good thing for both The Army and the poor of Sardis that Mr. Murray did not die that time he was so sick."

"It certainly was fine of him to do it in the first place, an' he wouldn't have done it at all if Ensign hadn't gone up there. Him in the first place he got him to do it!" rejoined the other, her loyalty to the young officers coming to the front. Mrs. Bristow fully understood this spirit

CHAPTER XXI

Mrs. Denny Discourses Again

IT was June in Sardis again. June by the long and sweet golden day of brimming sunshine, from the first call of the robin in the hush before the dawn to the fast sleepy twitter of the swallows in the Summer dusk. And June by the token of farewell orders. For Ensign and Mrs. Bristow had been ordered on to the command of another Corps. Sardis Corps had had many officers who had been well loved, but very few of them who had so endeared themselves to the hearts of all as had Ensign and Mrs. Bristow. This fact had been attested by the enormous audience who had crowded the Hall on Sunday night when they had publicly farewelled.

It was now Tuesday, and in the quarters above the hall they were busy packing their personal belongings. Mrs. Denny had come in to help Mrs. Bristow with this. She said that she had helped her to unpack her things and now insisted on helping her pack them again, and as they worked they talked of many things, but for the most part the Ensign let the two women do the talking.

"Just think," said Mrs. Denny, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, "it was just three years ago this month that you came to us. Three years! So much has happened in those three years! An' we're in other ways they're gone altogether too fast! As I said when you come, I've seen lots of officers come to Sardis, an' go away again, but I don't know's I've ever seen any go that. I hated t' say good-by to as bad's I do you folks; an' everybody else feels the same way about it, too."

In the gray of the early June dawn

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

We cannot allow this serial to close without expressing our thanks to the gifted writer for his encouraging and inspiring story, and also the New York "War Cry" for its kindly permission to reprint the same. We feel sure it has had a message to our readers, and will long be counted one of our most successful features.—Ed.

of loyalty, and therefore did not take issue with her about it.

For a short time the work of packing went on without either of them speaking, but as they worked the mind of each was filled with diverse thoughts that brought a flood of tender memories—memories of three years filled with joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, fulfillments and disappointments; years that had bound their hearts very close together in a bond of sympathy and fellowship. It was Mrs. Bristow who first broke the silence that had settled over them.

"I was out to Woodlawn Cemetery yesterday afternoon," she said. "I went while Ensign went up to say good-by to Mr. Murray. I wanted to see Will Coulter's grave again before we go away from Sardis."

"Poor Will!" Mrs. Denny sighed expensively, but whether the sigh was

Poor Will was a sort o' Samson in that way, for he slew more in his death than in his life."

"I think if Will knows what is going on on earth he must be well content; and he was glad to go I think. Almost his last words were that there is no temptation there."

Stirred by tender memories again they fell a silence between them. There were many things to do, and so they kept busy. And they did not lack for things to talk about either. The soft June twilight was fading when Mrs. Denny finally bade them a tearful adieu and took her way homeward. The young officers were leaving very early the next morning; in fact they were going by the same train which had brought them to Sardis three years before.

In the gray of the early June dawn they rose next morning and quietly did the few things preparatory to leaving. It was with deeply stirred feelings that they took leave of the quarters that had grown so



A soft mist of tears in her wide, wistful eyes.

altogether in memory of Will Coulter or on account of the mention of the approaching parting with the beloved officers, it is doubtful if she herself knew.

"Frank and Jim have put a simple stone over Will's grave; the inscription on it touched me when I saw it. Just his name and the years of his age, and then the text, 'Faithful unto death.' And truly he was even that."

"Yes, an' in a way of speakin' his death did lots more than he did in his life. I have heard any number of men say that it was the way that Will Coulter came to his death that had more to do with the sweepin' the saloons out of Sardis than any other one thing. It certainly did stir the people up when it came out that he had really been killed because he wouldn't drink. An' him bein' such a notorious drunkard before that, too, it sure stirred the people up and made them vote against the drink.

dear to them during their stay there. Every room seemed to be alive with memories and spoke to them in an intimate, silent way. Here Officer O'Donnell came so often to sit and talk with them about Danny. Here it was that Helen Ormond had moved about so quietly and had stolen into their hearts so tenderly. It seemed this last morning they could almost hear the echo of little Alan's gurgling, high-pitched baby laughter. It was here that Will Coulter had been brought after his last drinking spree, here they had pleaded with him, and it was out of here that he had gone that night when he had found a lasting peace for his tempest-tossed soul. It was here they had wrestled

NEXT WEEK:

A Thoroughly Intriguing Army Story
"The Note in the Flap-Pocket"
or
"How Sandie McDougall was brought to the Fold"

with their problems and won their victories. So many things had happened here that now as they came to say farewell to all they were moved very deeply.

They made their way through the silent streets to the railway station. When they came to the little restaurant on Depot Street where they had broken their fast that first morning they went in to say good-by to the proprietor.

"We are going away now," said the Ensign to him, "and we just dropped in to say good-by to you, and to thank you for all your kindness. I hope you will treat my successor as well as you have me."

"Well," said the man, "I'm sorry to see you go. I told you when you came that I'd buy The War Cry from you, and I have."

"Yes, and I just wanted to say thank you, and good-by."

That Other Morning Three Years Ago

They entered the station, and having bought their tickets, they went out and down the short flight of steps to the station platform. Everything reminded them strongly of that other morning three years before when they had seen it for the first time. It might have been the same scattered cars that rested on the network of tracks, the same dingy factory buildings huddled on the river bank. Across the river the hills rose steeply, and the same tender green decked the trees that they had first seen wet with the warm June rain.

They came and stood in the same sheltered place on the station platform where they had knelt to pray that other June morning. Mrs. Bristow impulsively caught hold of her husband's hand, and said, "Truly, dear, God did answer the prayer that we prayed here that morning! I believe He has made us a blessing to Sardis while we have been here."

But they were not left long alone with their emotions and memories, for out of love for the young officers who were leaving them the soldiers gathered for a last word with them. Thus before the train rolled in there were more than fifty of the members of the corps there to bid them good-by. Bandmaster Frank Coulter was there, and Officer O'Donnell, with Danny and Helen and little Alan, the latter greatly excited by his early morning adventure. Ensign and Mrs. Bristow were much moved by this token of love on the part of the soldiers.

Farewell Messages and Kindly Wishes

Then the whistle of the coming train was heard in the distance. Someone started to sing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and they all tried to join in, but for the most part it was rather quavering singing. Then the train came, and with a great shaking of hands and calling of farewell messages and kindly wishes, the young officers stepped aboard. Afterward from their vantage point at the open window of the car they still kept saying those little last words, whose tenderness is hidden by a feigned lightness.

Then the train began to move away from the gathered crowd on the platform. Mrs. Bristow bent eagerly so that she might see for just as long as possible the dear faces of the friends they were leaving.

When they had at last faded from her vision she turned to her husband. The soft mist of tears in her wide, wistful eyes caused the morning light to break in them into little stars as she softly quoted with a catch in her voice, "Thou has a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy."

(THE END)

A Commendable Boy

In a school whose teachers try to make their examination questions topical, the children were set to solve this problem: "If one racehorse can run a mile in a minute and a half, and another is able to do the same distance in two minutes, how far ahead would the first horse be if the two ran a race of two miles at these respective speeds?"

What the answer is I do not know, as I dare not work it out, one little boy having set me an example, that I feel it my duty to follow. He returned his paper with that question unanswered, except that he had written, where his answer should have been, these brave words: "I refuse to have anything to do with horse-racing."

Centenary Call Campaign

"We've all got to fight,
And we won't run away."

THE WAR CRY



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1928

Vol. IX.

No. 43

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking Enquiry One dollar reward will be given in every case where possible to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2240—William Seobie, Canadian, formerly of Ripley, Bruce Co., Ont., age 53, fair, medium height, blue eyes, dark hair, last heard of in Alberta, Alta. Address enquirer.

2245—Johannes Remahl, alias John, born in Finland, 1856, fair hair, short, last heard of in London, 1856, fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Native of London, slight shadow on forehead. Last heard of in Calgary. Mother anxious to locate.

2246—Hjalmar Johannsen Blomgren, age 50, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of at Prince Albert, Sask. Son anxious to locate.

2247—Elsa Hildegunn Forman, age 32, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of in Vancouver. Relatives wish to find.

2248—Edward Lindros, born in Finland, short dark hair, broad shoulders, last heard of in Vancouver. Relatives seeking.

2249—Johan Mattsson Worgren, born in Finland, 1872, tall, fair, has one glass eye, last heard of in Alaska. Sister anxious to locate.

2250—Harold Johnson, age 39, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, last heard of in Anchorage, Alaska. Parents anxious to inquire.

2251—George John Draker, 32 years of age, 5 ft. 5 ins., 150 lbs., medium build, ruddy complexion, clean shaven. Was member of 86th Machine Gun Battalion. Also had a tattoo mark on right arm. Wife very anxious to locate.

2252—Mrs. Wilvert, married under the name of Mrs. Andrew Burgess in 1915. Friends anxious to locate.

2253—Nils Stensholldi, Norwegian, age 48, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Edmonton. Brothers in Norway.

2254—Charles F. May, age 38, height 5 ft. 9 ins., brown eyes, blue eyes, fair complexion, dark hair, garage man or engineer, married, last seen in Lumber, B.C. Mother anxiously enquires.

2255—Albert Imhof, born Sept. 12th, 1891, native of Switzerland. Mr. Imhof is a soldier. Last heard of at Estevan, Sask. Family longs for news.

2256—David and Harry Bailey, the same dyers, natives of Cowichan, B.C. If this should meet the eye of the above or any of their descendants relatives in England are anxious to communicate.

2257—Ernest Orme, farmer, native of Birmingham, England. Last heard of 1909 when his address was Claradale Farm, Sask. Relative anxious to locate.

2258—Bertram Elmer Bowler, age 27, height 5 ft. 8 ins., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, born in Belleville, Ont. Labourer by occupation. Mother anxious to locate.

2259—John Lee, age 51, height 5 ft. 1 in., 120 lbs., experienced farmer, dark hair, blue eyes. Wife anxious to find.

2260—John Victor Hagglund, Swedish, age 53, blue eyes, pouter, last heard of at Regina, Saskatchewan.

2261—George Nathan Hunt, last heard from in Calgary, 1926. Mother and brother at Decker Lake, B.C. anxious for news.

2262—Mary Jane McGrath, born in Glassbridge, Portloe, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Later went to Scotland, and from there to Toronto and Winnipeg. Father died serving in Scotland. Daughter, Agnes, very anxious to locate.

2263—Walter Handys, age 46, for many years lived in Vancouver, was a R.C.M.P. agent in Canada 9 years ago. Thought to be a farmer. Father and mother now deceased in their 80's.

2264—Maxwell Harrison Harkness, age 50, fair complexion, small build, married. Last heard of about 7 years ago when he was working and keeping a restaurant in Winnipeg. Supposed now to be in the insurance business. Aunt in Midland, Ont., anxious for news of him, which will be to his advantage.

2265—James E. Buswell, age 41, height 5 ft. 10 ins., dark hair and eyes, slender build, unmarried. Drove a delivery truck, but now a spin controller, bearing Maryland license No. 1243. Last heard of, appeared from Seattle, Washington, and thought to have come to Canada. Father extremely anxious to locate.

2266—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2267—Ralph Leggott, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wore glasses; last heard of at Six Mile Creek, Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquires.

2268—Albert Victor Haukenson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

2269—Henry Grellet, French Canadian, age 39, height 5 ft. 10 ins., dark hair, blue eyes, dark complexion, stonemason, engineer or carpenter; last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Decided limp on right side.

Christians Awake!

Salute the happy morn! Here's the Christmas "Cry" again! It scarcely seems possible that a whole year has passed since we were last planning and scheming and preaching—and selling the Xmas Number; but so it is, and a lot of joys and blessings have been ours since then.

We feel sure that this year's Special Issue will not be the least bit behind its predecessors, good as many of them have been, and we announce most confidently that it will be a ready seller. The printers are hot on the press with it, and as soon as orders come to hand they will be completed and dispatched.

The pictorial scheme is delightful. The frontispiece is an exquisite picture of "The Boy Christ" in a lovely Canadian setting. Other items in the colour plates are: "A sinner like me," a typical Army Open-Air scene; "Subject unto them"; a two-page plate of Jesus in His home at Nazareth, etc., etc.

There are special articles by The General and Mrs. Booth; the Commissioner; the Chief Secretary. Stories of a really thrilling nature—Army and otherwise. Songs and Poems. A spirited and delightful number. Price 10c.

The circulation of the Christmas "War Cry" has, for a number of years past, been a most gratifying success, and we are aiming at topping all records for this year. There is no reason it should not be so; good crops and good sales constitute ready and willing customers.

The Commissioner has agreed that the following scheme of competitive sales should be followed, and we feel sure this will be a splendid incentive to all Officers and Soldiers who have their wits about them.

1st—To the Division making the largest percentage of increase over last year's standard	\$25.00
2nd—To the Corps Officer selling the largest number in the Territory	\$25.00
3rd—To the Corps Officer who leads the Territory in making the largest percentage of increase over the standard number	\$20.00
4th—To the Officer in each Division making the largest percentage of increase over the standard number	\$10.00
5th—To the Soldier in each Division selling the largest number	\$ 5.00
6th—To the Man and Woman Cadet selling the largest number, each	\$ 5.00

If the above terms are not clear, we shall be glad to answer any queries, but don't wait for our reply, get on with the selling, and we'll do the settling. Our motto: No delay in the sales—no delay in the awards.



Centenary Call Campaign

Till all the drink and mis-
Has all been swept away,

Salvation Songs

Tune: "Count your Blessings"
Since the Lord redeemed us from the power
of sin,
Since His Spirit sealed us other than to
win,
Grace enough is given that we may enjoy,
And we prove the promises of God are sure.

CHORUS:
All the promises of God are sure.
Through the ages will His word endure,
Hallelujah! To the heart that's pure,
All the gracious promises of God are sure!

What the Lord ordaineth will be for the
best,
Just to trust and follow Him is perfect rest;
Never will He fail us if our faith is pure,
For we know the promises of God are sure!

Hope will give us courage in the darkest
night,
Faith and love will make the heavy burden
light;

Let us, then, be cheerful, and our hearts
assure,
That the gracious promises of God are
sure!

—Lt.-Col. A. Orsborn.

Tune: "My ain Folk"

My song shall be of Jesus!
There's music in His Name,
And with melody He filled me
When to His dear Cross I came,
My soul was unawakened
And of danger naught I knew
Till one who loved Him lifted
Jesus to my wondering view.

CHORUS:
So you see why my song is all of Jesus,
Why to me His Name is dear and precious,
If His love you only knew
It would be the same with you;
You'll find no friend who satisfies like
Jesus.

My song shall be of Jesus!
For people far and near
Thirst and perish, while He offers
Living water pure and clear,
They find earth's cisterns broken,
And sin's husks increase their pain,
So let my song remind them
Of the Saviour's call again.

My song shall be of Jesus!
The summer's fever-mitt
By His healing touch is banished
And He breaks the galling chain,
My heart delights to praise Him,
For His love such joy does bring,
And so, from morn till even,
Of His goodness let me sing.

R.T.

The Winnipeg Congress Festival

(Continued from page 9)

forgive myself. She had been to a house, she had played on my piano, but that piano was out of tune. The opportunity would never come again, and I had missed the best things, the most beautiful things, because my piano was out of tune. That how it is with your heart too. Come, get in tune again, sing the songs and join with us.

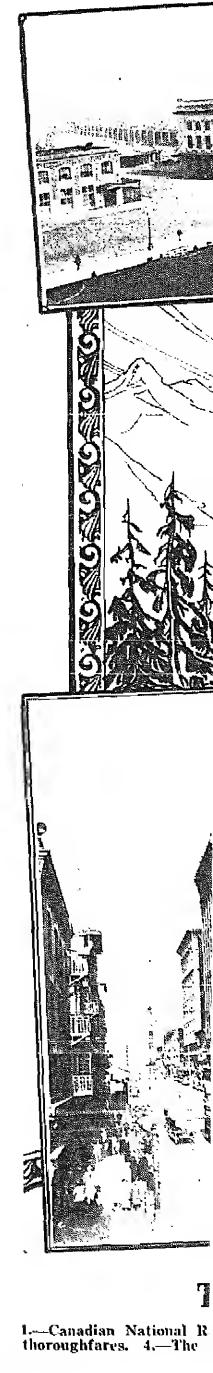
With a promise to the Colonel that Selection "The Wanderer" should part of the Grace Hospital Grand Event, and thereby absolving them of any blame for a further late home, the Citadel Band executed a denning ordinance.

The final event was "Rock of Ages" to that ever sacred tune. "Rock of Ages" and here again Mr. Agnew was at the grand organ—the alternating soft swelling and rolling clouds which he effected adding greatly to the item. But it was too late for the audience to take in the full beauty of the piece. However, it was nobody's fault, and, of course, Congress comes but once a year.

THE W
WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. 4.

VOL. IX. No. 44. Price 1/-



1.—Canadian National Railways. 2.—The